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THE ARCTIC OFFERS AIRMEN SHORT ROUTES, EMERGENCY LANDING FIELDS OF ICE AND CONSTANT DAYLIGHT HALF A YEAR

(See Bulletin No. 1)

HOW TEACHERS MAY OBTAIN THE BULLETINS

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Towns of To-day That May Become Cities of the Skyways

THE AIRPLANE and airship have made heroes and heroines. Will they make cities?

If headlines hint of the future then St. Johns, Newfoundland; Dakar, Africa; Fayal in the Azores; the Cape Verde Islands; Suva, capital of Fiji; Pernambuco, Brazil; Karachi, India and Port Darwin, Australia, should pin their hopes to air travel.

Recently the United States welcomed the Graf Zeppelin, first commercial air liner, which, in following the southern route gave particular encouragement to the Azores and Bermuda as possible future air stations.

Columbus Pioneered Best Air Route West

The railway junction of yesterday is the metropolis of today; perhaps the airports of today will be the great cities of 1950 if aviation acquires a heavy carrying trade.

Surest of blessings from aviation is St. Johns, Newfoundland, from which and over which so many famous flights have been made. The NC-4 left Trepassy Bay, near St. Johns, for the Azores and Lisbon, and the same year Alcock and Brown made their famous hop from St. Johns to Clifden, Ireland. Notwithstanding Lindbergh, Chamberlin and Byrd passing St. Johns without buying gasoline, it appears probable that commercial transatlantic aircraft will use the port as a half-way house on the great circle route between the United States and Europe. So long as a transatlantic flyer is glad to see land, St. Johns will figure in aviation.

Columbus pioneered the best Europe-to-America route for aircraft. He sailed before the trade wind to the Azores, and commercial airplanes and airships, barring new miracles in design and power, probably will take Columbus' southern route to avoid the vicious westerlies farther north.

Airplane as a City-maker Already at Work

The South Atlantic extends slightly warmer hospitality to the airplane than does the North Atlantic, although the water gap between the continents measures nearly the same; 1,900 miles from St. Johns to Valencia Island, Ireland, 1,980 miles from Pernambuco to Dakar. But Africa pushes the Cape Verde Islands 300 miles off coast to help the airman and South America reaches out with Fernando Noronha 300 miles northeast of Pernambuco. Then there is St. Paul Island, a dot of land midway between the continents, and a possible future emergency station. So Dakar and Pernambuco are likely to be airports of 1950.

The airplane as a city-maker is functioning already in certain places. Giradot, Colombia, is a thriving town today because the seaplane service up the Magdalena River, shortening the long, racking trip from Barranquilla on the coast to Bogota, the capital, ends at the Giradot hangars. Boma, near the Congo mouth, has an airplane future by virtue of a Belgian colonial service which shortens the tropical journey to Elizabethville a whole month! Yesterday Kisumu was a British outpost on Lake Victoria in mid-Africa—today it is the terminus of the air service from Khartum—tomorrow, perhaps, the air crossroads of Africa.

Definite examples of the airplane's effect on geography are afforded by the Cairo-India line. Gaza in Palestine and Bagdad in Mesopotamia see the prosperity

© *Photograph by Emil Poole Albrecht*

A "CAB" STAND FOR GONDOLAS IN MODERN VENICE

A Venetian gondola holds from four to six persons, while the barca carries eight people. There are always men at the stands to assist passengers to embark and disembark and they expect a gratuity for their services (See Bulletin No. 3).

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Patiala's Prince Dazzles London

MORE than a score of hereditary princes, representing 105 of the 235 native rulers of India, have arrived in London to protect their interests before the Indian States Inquiry Commission. They gather, a color-splashed group, in Whitehall, watching their English attorney plead their cause.

With them sits the Maharaja of Patiala, one of the most prominent India princes and yet typical in wealth and position. He is a big-framed man with a curling beard. He is dressed in blue silk puggree (turban) and gown and wears a fortune in pearls and earrings.

In America the Maharaja would be known as a "wheat king." He is not a dirt farmer, but revenues from the waving wheat fields of Patiala, in India's Wheat Belt, have made him the third richest prince in India. Profits from wheat permit him to instruct his retainers that during a durbar (festival) they are not to count the cost of caparisoned elephants, extra limousines, richly furnished tents for guests who cannot be accommodated in the vast pink sandstone palace, corps of entertainers, corps of servants and rare foods and viands.

Patiala has approximately the area of Connecticut. It lies just north of Delhi, on the divide between the headwaters of the Indus and the Ganges. English families escaping from the summer heat of Delhi, on their way to Simla, pass close to Patiala's borders. Few standard maps reveal the State because Patiala ordinarily is lumped under the designation, Phulkian States, of which it is the largest.

A Jat Farmer Can Raise Two Crops Each Year

Famine rode hard through Patiala in the old days when droughts dried up the young crops. Modern engineering has conquered famine. Canals and wells guarantee more than one-fourth of the cultivated area against drought and incidentally guarantee the revenue of the Government of Patiala, which mounts to more than $2,500,000 per year. There are almost no cities, in our sense of the word, so that 1,400,000 natives scattered over the hills form a dense agricultural population. Where there are 200 to 300 people per square mile farms must be limited. Three to ten acres support a family. What saves Patiala from want is its nearness to the Equator, which latitude permits the growing of two crops per year. Not uncommonly a Jat farmer will harvest a fine stand of American corn *before* he plants his wheat, which he will harvest in the late fall.

But in the magnificence of court life at Patiala town alone is the fertility of the State dramatized. There, when an important visitor arrives, one may see the Maharaja at the railroad station adorned by a jeweled tiara and breastplate of emeralds. Silver state coaches are reserved for dignitaries while other guests follow in costly automobiles.

One reception hall of the palace glitters with chandeliers which festoon the ceiling like a mass of stalactites. The story runs that the present Maharaja's father went one day unattended into the showroom of a Calcutta electrical firm. The clerks paid little attention to him. Piqued, the Maharaja demanded, "How much for the contents of this shop?"

Hurried consultation.

"Nine Lakhs" ($300,000).

"Very well, send them along."

Although chandeliers cluster around the reception hall there are still some boxes from the electrical shop, it is said, that have never been unpacked.

of caravan days returning as the aerial express drops down from the skies. Karachi, already a port and railhead, is the natural air gate of India for planes which go up the Indus River to Delhi, down the Ganges to Calcutta and on to Singapore and Australia.

Many flights in recent years have blazed air trails and cities of the future; the Army Round-the-World Flyers on their jump from Seattle to Tokyo by way of the Aleutian Islands; six Russian planes' flight from Moscow to Peking; Commander de Pinedo's daring adventure up the middle of South America; Colonel Lindbergh's triumphal journey through Central America; the transpacific flight; and Wilkins' dash across the Arctic.

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A BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY FOR AN AIRPLANE

This picture of a railroad line connecting Guatemala City with its Pacific seaport, San Jose, reveals the commercial opportunities of the airplane in mountainous country such as that found all through Central America.

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Venice Takes the Lion's Share of Italy's Tourist Trade

VENICE, a recent census of Italian visitors shows, is the most popular tourist city of the peninsula. Of 800,000 travelers who visit Italy in one year, 200,000 eventually get to Venice.

Its manifold charms may lure all the world but the traveler dreaming of pink palaces under Venetian blue skies must be warned. There are times when Venice is less than perfect.

Do not expect too much of Venice. It is hardly fair. No great city can exist on narrow canals and be entirely a thing of beauty. One necessarily has had dreams of Venice and expects them to come true. It could not be otherwise. Too much has been written about it, and always, of course, the rosy, romantic aspect has been presented. Do not set your mark too high and Venice will charm you.

Be Sure to Arrive in Venice by Night

By all means arrange to arrive in Venice by night. Under soft moonlight or under the rays of the dim and infrequent "street lamps" Venice strives to make your most extravagant dreams come true. The deep shadows under its bridges and the palace arches, the mysterious, narrow, black canal entrances, the picturesque leaning posts, the gentle lapping of the waves against walls and steps, the swish of paddles, the half brusque, half musical calls of the gondoliers as they approach blind corners, and perhaps a song coming over the water—all combine to give an entrancing introduction to the City of Canals. You lean back on your cushions during the long boat ride to your hotel—for of course you and your baggage must go by boat—quite contented with life. This is Venice, and it is quite as it should be.

Your first day in Venice discloses indubitable signs of ugliness as well as of beauty. Picturesque gondolas pass you on the Grand Canal. So do the unpicturesque Venetian "street cars"—squat steamboats, little, but all too large beside the gondolas—their sawed-off stacks belching dirty black smoke. They raise choppy waves as do the swifter little motor boats. Your gondolier glares at them and you join him in spirit.

The Sights and Smells and Advertisements of Venice

You pass more gondolas—and the trash boats of the municipality. In the waters that seemed so fair last night floats every conceivable sort of rubbish, and sometimes its odor is not that of perfume. Yonder is the beautiful facade of a fine old palace, and beside it a building from which the stucco has fallen in great patches, disclosing the bricks beneath. Perhaps the stones are falling away too at the water-line, letting the waves reach in for an inevitably greater destruction. Green slime covers the steps and the tilted wooden posts are rotting. Time is not the only desecrater of Venetian walls. The hand of the advertiser has been busy too. Some of the walls that Dandolo loved and that scores of poets have sung about now inform the occupants of gondolas and "street cars" of products that can be purchased.

But thanks to your night arrival these things do not worry you over much. You turn rather to the domes of Santa Maria della Salute with a tangle of masts against the sky; to the arch of the history-encrusted old Ponte Rialto; to the incomparable spires and domes of the Cathedral of San Marco (St. Mark).

© *From Captain Albert W. Stevens*

THE AMAZON VALLEY WILL BE DEVELOPED BY THE HYDROPLANE

No continent has a finer system of waterways than South America, but to date they have been little used. Bends in the rivers make it impossible for even fast steamers to go quickly from one point to another, but the South American river system spreads innumerable lanes of water offering easy and frequent landing places for a hydroplane. Commander de Pinedo demonstrated the usefulness of the Amazon's tributaries (See Bulletin No. 1).

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The Diplomatic Quarter, Peking's White Elephant

WHAT is to become of the Diplomatic Quarter of Peking (now Peiping)? Will it be abandoned? Will the ambassadors and ministers leave their comfortable homes in Peking and follow the Nationalist officials to Nanking? None have yet left the comforts of the old capital to brave the present inconveniences of the new.

The Diplomatic Quarter in Peking is a part of the city set aside by the Chinese Government for the residence of foreign diplomats with their families and official staffs. It lies just inside the south wall of the old Tatar city between the Chien Men and Hata Men (gates) and constitutes a complete self-governing community in itself.

All of the great powers and several small countries maintain legations in Peking, often of great size because of the necessity of each country having a military guard within its legation gates. Each group is housed in a large walled compound containing many buildings used as residences, offices, barracks and storerooms. The community presents the appearance of a compact army post or college campus.

The entire collection of legation compounds, together with a miscellaneous assortment of foreign hotels, banks, stores and churches, is in turn surrounded by a wall and open ground constantly watched over by sentries from various legation guards. Each section of this outside wall has its own contingent of legation soldiers who are responsible for defending it in case of danger. All street entrances of the Diplomatic Quarter have iron gates, but these gates are not closed except in times of expected trouble.

Ordinarily, once inside the quarter, a traveler does not have a feeling of military supremacy. It seems rather as though he were in a quaint Old World city of mixed architectural lineage. Most of the countries have built legations in their own national style of architecture or else house them in ancient Chinese palaces and temples made over to meet foreign requirements. One and all have high walled gardens through whose gates and over whose tops the passerby gets charming glimpses of landscape typically Spanish or Dutch or English.

There is a cosmopolitan tourist hotel in the quarter, and a large Gothic church, a beautiful foreign club with tennis courts, and all the banks and stores that have been able to creep within the greater safety of the sheltering walls. Two wide, well paved avenues cross each other at right angles, and there are several quaint little side streets out of which fascinating doors open into high blank walls. All is as clean as the proverbial new pin. The Legation Quarter is a spotless town.

Bulletin No. 4, November 12, 1928.

You find that there is a surprising amount of dry land in Venice. A veritable maze of alleys and calli (little streets) and fondamenti (canal-side walks) exist. The best you can hope to do in a short stay is to gain a superficial acquaintance with the main way between San Marco and the Rialto.

Piazza San Marco, the Broadest Square of Venice

The ways, whether narrow alleys or somewhat wider calli, have no sidewalks, of course. The entire space, such as it is, is for pedestrians. At intervals the narrow ways open up into "campi," as the little squares are called. The name "Piazza" has been reserved for the great square of San Marco facing the Cathedral —the ultimate in dry spaciousness in Venice.

If you have only a picture knowledge of Venice, the Piazza San Marco will surprise you. The little open space that holds the famous statue of the Lion of St. Mark is not the real piazza but only the anteroom. Well behind the lion column, around the Campanile you find to your surprise a square greater than many a city with an unlimited supply of dry land can boast. No wheeled traffic uses this broad square. It is given over entirely to humans and pigeons. Thousands of the latter make the Piazza San Marco their home, and there is seldom a time during the day when one can cross the square without carefully picking his way to avoid stepping on them.

Why these birds do not burst or at least grow so fat that they can only flap their wings uselessly like penguins remains a mystery. At two o'clock every day a municipal employee brings out a big sack of grain and scatters it for them. And they are served a sort of buffet luncheon that lasts all day. This latter is the contribution of the tourists. They buy grain from numerous peddlers who apparently make a good living selling little bags of the feed from their tripod stands.

A Serenade on the Lagoon

When night falls again and cloaks the inevitable tawdry spots of an old city built on piles, you forget your criticisms of the day. Out on the Lagoon at the mouth of the Grand Canal, in a boat lighted by gaily colored lanterns, a company of musicians and singers begins a serenade. Your gondola joins the throng of slender black forms bobbing gracefully up and down, each with a silent, statuesque figure standing at its stern. Soft music and the gentle swish of wavelets fill the air. The lights of the Lidi gleam in the distance while nearer at hand black masts and spires stand out against the sky, the soaring shaft of the Campanile topping them all.

Venice by day is old and wrinkled, it is true. But each night she finds the mysterious fountain of youth.

Bulletin No. 3, November 12, 1928.

Form for Renewal of Bulletin Requests

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Porto Rico Rises from Her Ruins

PORTO RICO gallantly builds upon the ruins left in the wake of the hurricane that in September devastated the Island.

New houses rise, roads have been cleared, and sugar factories repaired. With the help of money and supplies sent from the United States the Island expects to recover its prosperity.

Porto Rico and its storm-swept capital, San Juan, are described in the following communication to the National Geographic Society, from its Vice-President, Dr. John Oliver La Gorce:

"The story of the island's rise to prosperity and well-being under American direction of its affairs constitutes one of the greatest romances of government in modern times.

"Rectangular in shape, with an area a third less than that of Connecticut, a length of 100 miles, an average width of 30 miles and 360 miles of coast line, Porto Rico has a population of 1,300,000. The harbor of its capital, San Juan, one of the finest in the Western Hemisphere, has been dredged to a depth of 35 feet and will enjoy ever-increasing importance as a coaling station on the trans-atlantic routes to the Panama Canal.

San Juan Settled Century Before Pilgrims Came to America

"For a tropical land, the winter climate is unusually free from excessive heat, and the abundant rainfall over most of the island gives vegetation a perennial luxuriance. Since it lies in the path of the trade winds, with its mountains in the central portion of the island, the humidity is rarely oppressive.

"To the north of the main range there is a fine foothill region famous for its scenery, the Sierra de Luquillo, where the Indians made their last stand. El Yunque, the central peak of these hills, long enjoyed the reputation of being the highest of the island, its location giving it that appearance. But mountain climbers, with their barometers, have forced it to surrender its prestige to some of the peaks in the Cordillera Central. El Yunque is 3,483 feet high, while Ala de la Piedra, in the central range, reaches a height of 4,398 feet.

"One will find history and romance in every part of the island. San Juan itself was a settlement half a century before St. Augustine, Florida, the oldest town in the United States, came into being, and a full century before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock it began to take on the semblance of a city.

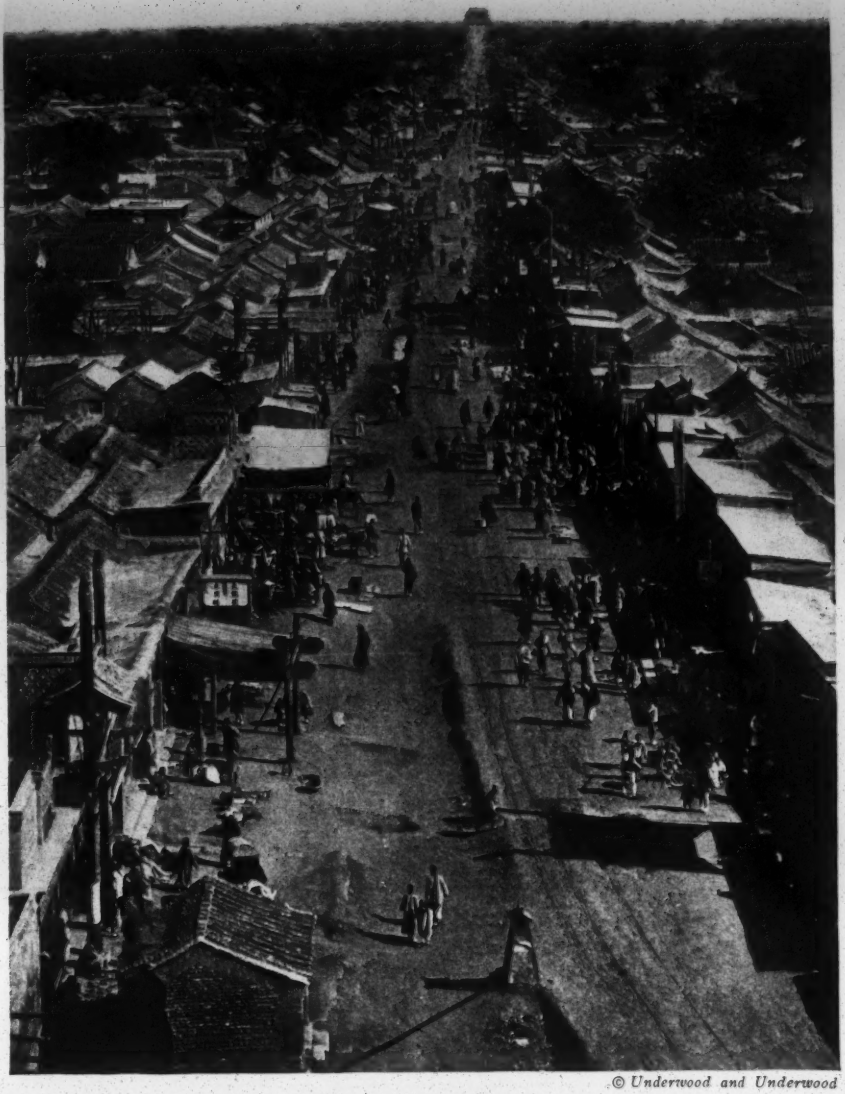
"More than two and a half centuries before the United States began to build the White House in Washington, Spain started the construction of the Casa Blanca, the Governor's Palace.

Porto Rico Outdistances Her Caribbean Neighbors in Trade

"But it is the progress of Porto Rico and the Porto Ricans since the advent of the United States, barely a quarter of a century ago, that furnishes the most engaging and inspiring chapter in the history of the island.

"Within a little more than a year of the cession of Porto Rico to the United States by Spain, under the Treaty of Paris, December 10, 1898, American occupation of the island had ceased to be military and had become economic.

"The six states of Central America—Guatemala, Honduras, Salvador, Nicaragua, Costa Rico, and Panama—have an aggregate area sixty times as great as that of Porto Rico and a population more than four times as large; yet their combined exports and imports are less than hers.



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A MAIN STREET IN PEKING

Unlike many other cities of China, Peking has numerous long, straight streets. The business interests of the city have been upset over the removal of the government to Nanking. Apparently their fears are well founded because it is reported that a depression has settled over the once busy and animated markets of the metropolis. This picture shows why Peking is sometimes called the city without a horizon.

"The Republic of Haiti, three times as large and nearly twice as populous, buys less than one-sixth as much in the markets of the world and sends less than one-seventh as much to the consuming centers of the earth.

"Certainly only a region favored highly by Nature and developed intensively by man could stand out so brilliantly in comparison with adjacent lands.

"Under the American regime, the amount of sugar exported increased sevenfold; coffee exports doubled in quantity and trebled in value, and tobacco shipments likewise scored marvelous gains.

"Transportation methods here differ widely from those in the States. The automobile and the motor truck carry most of the passengers and freight. The only railroad of any consequence skirts the northern, western, and southern shores from San Juan to Guayama, but its traffic is limited mainly to goods shipped in bulk.

Oxcarts and Pack Ponies—Motorcycles and Limousines

"In the interior the oxcart finds some of the by-roads passable, but the pack pony must be relied on beyond the main highways.

"Traveling around the rim of the island, or crossing in divers places from north to south, and through the center from east to west, one finds Old World ways and nineteenth-century travel strangely associated with New World customs and twentieth-century transportation.

"Creaking oxcarts and antiquated victorias vie with noisy motorcycles, luxurious motor cars, and lumbering trucks. Here are barefoot *jibaros*, on foot or astride their diminutive Porto Rican ponies; there plodding ox-drivers, prodding their creeping steeds in a seldom successful effort to quicken their gait; farther on, a string of donkeys meekly bearing their burdens of well-filled pannier baskets.

"But as the road winds up into the hills and over the mountains of the interior, affording glimpses of the sapphire sea, the luxuriant plain, and verdant slopes, the visitor thrills at the wondrous, ever-changing, but always charming, panorama."

Bulletin No. 5, November 12, 1928.

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HARVESTING SUGAR CANE IN PORTO RICO

Many Porto Rican crops, including coffee and tobacco, were ruined by the hurricane of September. Cutting sugar cane is hot, hard work and must be done by hand. Laborers get from 50 cents to $2.00 a day and can only find work six months in the year.